



THE LINES WRITTEN ON THE
BARLEY-CORN

There was three farmers in the north as they were passing by
They swore an oath a mighty oath that barley corn should die
One o' them said drown him the other said hang him high,
For whoever will stick to barley grain begging he will die

CHORUS — — With me fail la &c

They put poor barley in to a sack of a cold & rainy day,
And brought him off to onions fields & burn'd him in the clay
Frost and snow began to melt and the dew began to fall,
When barley grain put up his head & soon surprised them all

Being in the summer season and the harvest coming on
It is seen he stands up in the field with beard like a man
The reaper came with his hook and use'd me bar-o-sly,
He caught by the middle so small & cut me above the knee

The next come was the binder & look'd on me with a frown
B—— in the middle there was a thistle that pull'd his courage down,
The farmer came with his pitchfork & pierce'd to the heart
Like a thief a roag or highwayman they tied me to the cart

The thrasher came with his big flail & soon he broke my bones,
It would grieve the heart of any man to hear my sighs and groans,
The next thing they done to me ther steep'd me in a well
They left me there for a day & night until my belly brough to swell,

The next thing they done to me they dried me in a kiln
They used me ten times worse than that they ground me in a mill,
They used me in the kitchen they used me in the hall,
They used me in the parlour among the ladies all,

The barley grain is a comic grain it makes man sigh and moan,
For when they take a glass or two they forget their wife at home,
The drunkard is a dirty man he used me worse than all
He drank me up in his dirty gut & spew'd me against the wall,